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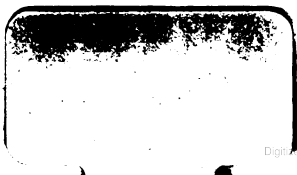
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HEALEY DELL;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF FAIRIES.

MEETINGS

OF THE

FAIRY QUEEN AND HEALEY DWARF

IN THE

FAIRY CHAPEL.

BY R. STANDRING,

NATIVE OF HEALEY STONES.

*Author of "The Rochdale Telescope," "Sunday Schools
Among the Mountains," and "English
History in Verse."*

ROCHDALE :

JAMES CLEGG, STEAM PRINTER, WET RAKE AND SCHOOL LANE.

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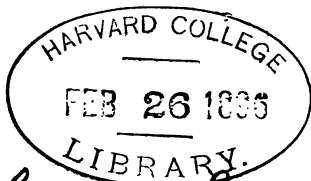
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Bonant fund.

INTRODUCTION.



Good tales may teach us to be kind :
Our actions and our words to mind ;
They like the parables may be,
And from much evil set us free.

With best wishes,

R. STANDRING.

SYLLABUS.

Birth of the Dwarf—Height—Weight—Giant Brothers
—Home Surroundings—Description of the Fairy Chapel
—Dwarf goes to it—Fairies sing for him—Their
Queen appears—She Opens the Hill Overhead with
her Wand—He enters—Finds the Metropolis of the
Fairy Kingdom there—Grandeur of the place—The
Queen's Throne : its splendour—She gives the History
of Fairies for Thousands of Years—Their Removal—
How they have Removed from place to place, coming
Southward from the Pole—Their Manner of Life—A
General Meeting of Fairies on Brown Wardle Hill—
The Dwarf attends it—The Hill made a Senate House
by the Queen's Wand—Speeches by the Queen, the
Dwarf, and by the Chiefs of the Fairy Colonies—A
Chorus, sung by all the Fairies—The Hill restored by
the Marvellous Wand—They Disband—The Dwarf is
Carried Home to his Mansion.



HISTORY OF FAIRIES.

I WAS not born in a mean cot,
A nobler fortune was my lot ;
My birthplace was a mansion grand,
Which did a gorgeous scene command.

I had brothers three-and-ten,
Stalwart, brave, illustrious men,
The smallest of them eight feet high,
Yet a little dwarf was I.

At my birth I weighed four pounds,
That soon was known the country round,
And ladies came from far to see
A little wealthy thing like me.

When grown, two feet was just my height,
Thirty pounds and ten my weight ;
But I was lithe, and strong, and gay,
In dark November or in May.

Life I commenced in thirteen-fifty-five,
 And very slowly did I thrive,
 When I maturity had gained
 Thirty years I had attained.

My name was Healey, known to fame
 Connected with an ancient name ;
 To my ancestors a Norman gave
 Healey lands for being brave.

My home surroundings well I knew,
 The hills around oft did I view ;
 I climbed their heights and looked around,
 And on their summits rapture found.

Rooley Moor and Rushy Hill—
 When absent I can see them still ;
 And Brown Wardle's noble top
 To gaze has often made me stop.

But the valleys gay and green
 (Were such valleys ever seen ?)
 With shingle slopes frittering away,
 And rocks which scarce together stay ;
 With undulations here and there,
 And music floating on the air ;
 With trees full of the joy of life,
 Filled with the songsters' ceaseless strife ;
 Where the cuckoo often charmed my ear,
 And the throstles' song so clear.

Tall knowls and flats and slopes were seen,
 And the winding Spod between,
 Where dashing rills flew down the rocks
 Battered to foam by fiercest shocks,
 And smiling plots of beauteous green
 Peeping the lofty hills between,
 And winding paths where lovers stray,
 Shortening to hours the fleeting day.

But above all the Fairy Dell,
 Known by the name of Thrutch so well,
 That rugged glen, of wonders full,
 Makes me long its form to tell ;
 Narrow, rocky, wild, and weird,
 Through ages having wonder stirred,
 The rocks ploughed down a dozen feet,
 The marks above our wonder greet,
 On high was once the river's base,
 At water's power we stand and gaze.

But not content to have swept away
 Four yards of rock so hard and gray,
 Water has pierced the rock below
 Seven feet, as I attest and know.

But these greedy waters not alone
 Furrowed downward flinty stone ;
 They put their fingers under ground,
 And stealing rock away were found.

Now, although they did not know,
 They wrought a cave where fairies go ;
 Pulpit and pews they slowly made,
 Where light is like the evening shade.

The fairies wandering to and fro,
 Into this cave one night did go,
 And were enamoured with the place,
 And they its history did trace ;
 Then was it made the palace of their queen,
 Where wondrous things are done and seen,
 Which the search of mortal eye
 Now and evermore defy.

Into this cave I often went
 On discovering fairies bent,
 For I much desired to see
 All things wonderful and wee.

Often I prayed upon the rock,
 (If I could only bear the shock),
 That some fairy wise and kind
 In the cavern I might find.

Often I read my poets there,
 The olden bards of fame so fair,
 And I wrote upon my little knees
 Lines which were similar to these.

I went at morning, noon, and night,
 When the moon was shining bright ;
 Or when the lark, with kindly lay,
 Told us of a sunny day,
 That darksome cave was dear to me
 As the grandest palace ere could be.

One night I wandered through the dell,
 And I discerned my path quite well ;
 The moon was up—the stars were bright,
 Oh ! it was a charming night.

I skipped the rocks like a wild goat,
 Hoping to meet an elf of note ;
 From ledge to ledge I still went down,
 Scrambling stream rocks so well known.

Then in the cave I spread my hands
 Unto the hidden fairy bands,
 Praying that if they had a queen
 She by their friend might soon be seen.

At length I heard music so sweet
 Around, above, beneath my feet ;
 It soothed my mind—it was so mild,
 It would not terrify a child.
 It ceased, and once again I prayed,
 Of friendship attestations made ;
 Then, pausing, heard another song
 The crannies of the rocks among.

Gathering courage, I exclaimed,
 "Let not my agony be blamed ;
 Oh ! Fairy Queen, if thou art there,
 Despise thou not my ardent prayer.

"I feel assured this music sweet
 Comes from beings I may safely meet ;
 Although I know your power is vast
 To earth a little dwarf you will not cast.

"If you can read the mind of man
 Mine scrutinise as closely as you can ;
 That done, if kindness can avail,
 I know I surely must prevail."

Then a more than mortal voice I heard,
 Softer than song of midnight bird
 So sweetly by our poet sung,
 Which sings the deepest shades among :

"Mortal," the voice seraphic said,
 "Of each other let us never be afraid ;
 Friendship true can work no ill,
 But all good deeds it must fulfil.

"We long have reckoned thee our friend,
 And know why here thy footsteps tend ;
 We know thou would'st not if thou could
 Do anything to us but good.

"But if I shew myself to thee
Will thy mind from fear be free ?
I any pleasant form can take
Which thy fears will least awake."

I answered quickly, "Womankind
Wake sweetest feelings in my mind,
And beings small I most admire ;
Come then, and answer my desire."

A glimmering light was round me shed,
Slowly increasing, checking dread ;
A lovely form before me stood,
A mirror clear of perfect good.

I said, "Thou art the Fairy Queen,
The fairest form I yet have seen ;
If thy friendship I have gained,
Let me never say her kindness waned.

"Let me tell thee how I long to know
The history of thy race below ;
Of it fractions I have heard,
But they only wonder stirred,
And longings, painful to endure,
More to know of beings pure ;
For I have never heard or seen
That fairies have injurious been."

She said, "Oh! mortal man, more favoured now
Than any human being, thou !
To talk with men we never did,
But I am doing what my fairies bid.

" We in conclave often meet,
And with all news each other greet ;
Whate'er transpires, near or afar,
We tell it and we never jar.

" Our friends and foes—we know their thought,
And all they do is to us brought ;
But what from foes have we to fear ?
Our home is ocean, earth, or air.

" Ourselves to man we can reveal,
Or, when we will, ourselves conceal ;
We can fly quickly as the wind,
Mortals leaving far behind."

D. " But, thou courteous Fairy Queen,
I many voices heard these rocks between,
And yet no form but thine I see ;
Where can the host of fairies be ? "

F. " This hill is filled with many a hall,
Where dwell my host of fairies small ;
Abodes there are for thousands more,
Who visit me from shore to shore ;
This is our metropolis—
Fairies own no place like this.

Could'st thou but see the interior of this hill
 It would thy mind with wonder fill,
 But we fairies hide our wealth,
 We enjoy ourselves by stealth ;
 This we do with one accord—
 Fairies all obey my word."

D. "But tell me, Fairy Queen, I pray,
 How to your halls you find your way ;
 I see no steps, no clue, no road
 To your magnificent abode."

F. "We need no flights of gorgeous steps,
 Each fairy walks, or flies, or creeps ;
 Any one of us can do
 A thousand things unknown to you.
 These crannies, which appear so small,
 Admit my fairies, sometimes tall ;
 For we can rise to twenty feet,
 Or sink to inches when 'tis meet.
 They through those openings need not creep,
 When minimised they through them sweep ;
 And to me it is a glorious sight
 To see them dwarfed, yet full of might."

D. "May I not see them, Fairy Queen,
 I who have so favoured been ?
 Oh ! how honoured I should be
 Of fairies a bright host to see."

F. "Not to-night, your brain might reel,
 You would so excited feel;
 Return before the morning breaks,
 Return ere slanderous man awakes;
 Come to our dwelling when you will,
 To you I will our history tell,
 And you shall see our fairies all,
 As dwarfs or noble beings tall."

She touched me with her powerful wand,
 And filled with vigour my right hand,
 And from that day I strong have been
 Almost as is the Fairy Queen.
 I left the cave, mounted the rocks,—
 How small appeared the ponderous blocks;
 I moved along as doth the hind,
 Almost as fleetly as the wind.

Aurora from the east came forth,
 Spreading her smile from south to north,
 Gilding with nameless tints the hills,
 While the lark the air with music fills.

* * * * *

The little dwarf was very proud,
 And longed to speak his joy aloud,
 But he unto his bed-room crept
 While his stalwart brothers slept.

At noon his gentle mother came
And breathed into his ear his name ;
His loving soul that whisper heard,
“ Mother,” he said, and rose blithe as a bird.

How slowly passed the creeping day,
Which kept him from the cave away !
He in the evening went again,
His footsteps he could not restrain.

The night was very, very dark,
And in the wood a voice said, “ Hark !”
The tones so sweet, so soft, so kind,
Floated on the fleeting wind.

The voice belonged the Fairy Queen,
Who his coming had foreseen,
And in love almost divine,
She brought a light upon his path to shine—
A light which human sight could not discern,
Save his for whom the light was borne.

No word she spoke, nor yet did he ;
He was too glad, and so was she ;
Over the rocks they tripping went,
Fearing not the steep descent ;
Across the stream a bridge was made,
It firmly on the rocks was laid.

No scrambling o'er the sharp-edged blocks,
 Riven, perhaps, by earthquake shocks,
 Which in the river upright stand,
 Placed there to guard the fairy band.

Once more within the honoured cave ;
 Him from uneasiness to save
 A fell-formed seat had been prepared
 Within the cave, once dark and weird,
 But now with chandeliers hung round,
 Brighter than in a palace found,
 Yet no light passed from the cave—
 Fairies know how themselves to save.

D. "I cannot thank you as I would,
 Fairy Queen, so kind and good,
 But I long you to repay,
 And for you hope ever to pray ;
 And now another favour add,—
 With your subjects' presence make me glad ;
 I shall much rejoice to see
 Beings so generous to me."

F. "We live to please each other here,
 In what form shall they appear ?
 For we will gladly let thee share
 Our bliss. Thy wish declare."

D. "With my own size I am well pleased,
 Though for it I sometimes am teased ;

Let them all be two feet high
 When they unto this dwarf draw nigh ;
 Not that their size would terror wake
 If they their tallest forms should take ;
 They are like thee—they do no harm—
 And cannot, therefore, me alarm.”

F. “ Now prepare thyself to see
 A sight, and very tranquil be ;
 Look upon that rugged cave,
 To see it open dost thou crave ? ”

D. “ Yes ! let it open, I am safe with thee,
 Let me the mount's interior see.”
 She touched the rock beneath the hill,
 And with wonder I stood still ;
 The cavern wall had disappeared,
 Into the mountain now I peered ;
 Little dwellings, neat and grand,
 Rows on rows I saw them stand,
 With streets so straight, so neat, so clean,
 Such a city ne'er was seen ;
 Gems sparkled in the arch above,
 And through the place did fairies rove,
 A charming smile each face adorned,
 No fairy by another spurned.

They were exactly my own size,
 And looked so good, so kind, so wise,

I longed to dwell beneath that hill
 And hear them all their history tell.
 I said unto the Fairy Queen,
 "How many fairies here are seen?"

F. "A thousand are my retinue,
 Princes—all that now you view.
 Would you like to see my throne?
 If so, pray make your wishes known."

I replied, "Oh, yes! I would,
 Fairy, condescending, good."
 She led me to the centre of the hollow hill,
 And for a moment we stood still;
 I gazed around me and above,
 On that place of grandeur, peace, and love;
 My feelings it were vain to tell,
 It was the opposite of hell.
 A thousand pillars propped the mountain up,
 Lest it on all that wealth should drop;
 The Fairy Queen stretched forth her wand,
 Near me a gorgeous throne did stand,
 She brought it up out of the ground,
 It a matchless throne I found,—
 Brighter than aught which I had seen before,
 It glittered like the Koh-i-noor.

"Fairy Queen, pray ascend,"
 Said all who did on her attend,

In voices sweet, and soft, and low,
 Such tones as mortals never hear below.
 I pleaded too,—“ Oh ! Fairy Queen,
 Many wonders I have seen,
 Add this favour too I pray,
 Let me see thee on thy throne so gay.”

With grace to queens of earth unknown,
 Grace peculiarly her own,
 She ascended up on high
 And made me feel how small was I ;
 No shout escaped from any lip
 As up aloft my friend did trip,
 But in silent wonder they
 Gazed, and seemed to her to say,
 “ Thy smile is more than daily food,
 Fairy Queen, most fair and good.”
 Leaning forward, she exclaimed,
 “ By you your queen is never blamed,
 You will not think it wrong that I
 This friend have to my throne brought nigh ;
 Deep is his friendship to the fairy race,
 Therefore I brought him to this happy
 place ;
 His interest in us makes him long
 To hear our history from my tongue,
 And you are not at all unwilling
 Your history to hear me telling ;

And although you know it well
 It of interest still is full ;
 I ask no leave—I read your face—
 So now our history I trace.

“ Fairy friend, I thee address,
 And inability confess
 Our glorious history to rehearse,
 Since it must all be done in verse.

“ We know not when we 'gan to be,
 Who his origin can see ?
 Nonentity can nothing note,
 Nor can it life's beginning quote.

“ This we know : our race is old,
 Though age has not on fairies told ;
 Our eyes by time do not grow dim,
 Like creatures which the ocean swim,
 Nor do our fingers lose their power
 Wonders to work at any hour ;
 We are always blithe and young,
 Never feeble, always strong.
 Before the deluge came we lived,
 For when the waters upward heaved,
 And covered all the mountains o'er,
 We rose aloft on wings of power ;
 When they subsided we came down,
 And looked on many a ruined town,

And on dwellings nearly lost in mire,
 Buried by Jehovah's ire.
 We sought for one submerged abode,
 On which the waters made inroad ;
 Some were choked and some were not,
 But power to purge them we had got ;
 I with my wand touched sand and mire,
 And accomplished my desire ;
 Our caverns all were swept quite clean,
 And in them fairy bands were seen.
 But I perceive our friend desires to speak,
 Information he would seek."

D. " Fairy Queen, permit me to enquire
 How many fairies follow thy desire ? "

F. " Forty thousand, great and small,
 Are found on this terrestrial ball ;
 They dwell in caves wherever found,
 They love to be below the ground,
 But they wander where they will,
 In valley deep, or on the hill,
 Beside the sea, or near the lake,
 Like lightning they their journeys take.

" At first we dwelt at the North Pole,
 A place unknown to every human soul ;
 There undisturbed we spent our time,
 Amid surroundings most sublime.

We flew on skates across the ice,
 And came to Greenland in a trice ;
 We watched the Borealis play,
 And were enraptured every day ;
 We leaped on icebergs, howe'er high,
 Then dived into the waters nigh,
 Or jumped upon the backs of whales,
 And with them went on their long sails.
 That life was very, very grand
 To beings who obeyed my wand.
 Our head-quarters when up there
 Were remotest from the sunlight glare."

D. " How many years in periods old
 Were spent by you up in that cold ? "

F. " We have no clocks nor dates, like men,
 But there chronology we ken ;
 We left those realms when Sodom fell,
 Of its fall we heard the knell."

D. " When from the Pole you came away
 Whither did your footsteps stray ? "

F. " We to Greenland bent our steps,
 Near which the Arctic Ocean creeps,
 We the virtuous natives shielded—
 The bad to check, my wand I wielded.

I and my princes took a spacious cave,
 Washed by the ocean's rolling wave,
 And there we spent a hundred years,
 In which we shed no bitter tears ;
 Sorrow no fairy ever knows,
 Gladness for them in every region grows.

“ On islands we delight to dwell,
 Round which the waters ebb and swell,
 Where we can roam the boundless shore,
 And our Creator's power adore.”

D. “ When Greenland's coast you left behind,
 Your future homes where did you find ? ”

F. “ On Lapland's wild and dreary coast,
 Where long has dwelt the man Jack Frost,
 Where ocean sings its endless song,
 The rugged, shattered rocks among.
 We next at Scotland's shores arrived,
 Where many virtuous men have lived,
 And there we tarried very long,
 Making them in goodness strong.
 We in Ireland dwelt a hundred years,
 Longing to wipe away its tears ;
 On Mona's Isle we longer stayed,
 And round its rocky shores we strayed,
 And explored its every cave,
 Washed by the bold Atlantic wave.

"But England is our chief delight—
 A land so fair, so strong, so bright—
 Earth, like it, no realm can shew,
 Of it we every corner know :
 Its mountains, scattered here and there ;
 Its prospects, varied and so fair ;
 Its plains, so fertile and so green,
 Decked with streamlets—all are seen ;
 Its rocky wastes and stretching sands
 Grasped by the ocean's loving hands ;
 Its dwellers all so glad and free—
 Old England is the land for me !

"This palace where my throne now stands,
 Transcends the grandeur of all lands ;
 O'er earth no longer will I rove,
 This is the place which most I love.

D. "Queen of Fairies, please to say
 Are other fairies far away,
 Nine-and-thirty thousand strong,
 Do they dwell old caves among ? "

F. "They dwell in nearest caves around, &
 Near to their queen they will be found ;
 But distance does not matter much,
 My slender voice can any fairy reach,
 And when I call as swift as thought,
 By love they to my side are brought."

D. "Then you surely sometimes meet,
And each other kindly greet?"

F. "Every year we come together,
Whether rough or smooth the weather;
Through rain or hail or blinding snow,
My fairies all may safely go"

D. "On what day are fairies seen
Gathering around their Fairy Queen?"

F. "On the very first of May,
To see their queen they come away."

D. "Queen, most gracious, might I see
All thy fairies compass thee."

F. "Since thou art the fairies' friend,
That day with us thou mayest spend.
We meet before the lark ascends,
Or the sun his light forth sends.
Meantime retire, thou needest rest.
Long is it since thy head thy pillow prest.

D. "Stay! fairy, stay! I cannot go,
I want your history to know;
And, you fairies never tire,
Grant me then my heart's desire.
Say, may I ask, have you no government?
Have you no evils to prevent?"

Are no rebellious subjects found ?
 Do none your nation's peace ere wound ?
 Have no envious fairies risen
 Who law required them to imprison ?
 Has your sceptre been revered ?
 Have you evil never feared ? "

F. " No government we ever needed,
 Unto my wish all have acceded ;
 I say my wish, for only one desire
 Ever can my spirit fire.
 I wish to rule by love, and that alone,
 And to my subjects that is known."

D. " Then you have no wrangling legislators,
 Nor any hideous conspirators ?
 No swords, no spears, no booming guns,
 From which the frightened fairy runs ?
 No scalping knives, arrows nor bows,
 War's horror not a fairy knows ;
 Loving fairies, reproaching man,
 Teach me, oh ! teach me, what you can."

F. " We of your Bible something know,
 For to your services we go,
 To watch and hearken what you say,
 Both when you preach and when you pray ;
 And, although we cannot read,
 We understand you well indeed,

And we find within our heart
 The love which Scripture doth impart.
 The Law of Love directs all fairy life,
 And saves us all from hate and strife ;
 We love each other as ourselves—
 Dear, very dear, are all our elves ;
 Desire to injure, that cannot be,
 We are all one family :
 A wish to damage or destroy
 Would banish all our peace and joy ;
 What one possesses all may share—
 Fairies are like brothers everywhere ;
 Anger among us is not found,
 Nor scorn in caves below the ground.
 Evil speaking tears no heart,
 From slander quickly we depart ;
 To listen to a bad report
 No ear is found in any fairy fort,
 We dwell 'mid smiles and joy and love,
 And thus we please our God above."

D. " You seem to know much of our race,
 Man's history can you fully trace ? "

F. " Of man's dark deeds we much have seen,
 But to repeat would not become a queen.
 Of great events we know the most—
 Them we discern from coast to coast :

We Chedorlaomer's conquests saw
 How far he broke love's sacred law,
 How realms were in a vortex drawn,
 Which to swallow man did rush and yawn ;
 Wonder swept from every fairy face its smile
 To see man's wickedness and guile.
 Wars of Amorites and Perizzites
 Of Egypt, and of Canaanites,
 Of Philistines and Jews,—
 Of all who to obey love's law refuse ;
 Of Carthaginians and Romans,
 Of Persians and of Grecians,
 Of England and of France,
 And of all who to destroy advance,—
 It gave to fairies pungent pain
 To see such hosts of mortals slain.

“ We, too, have seen the wondrous things
 Which love to God to mortals brings :
 How it snaps the slave's strong fetter,
 What it does man's state to better ;
 Fairies rejoice in all of good,
 And trace it to their Father—God.”

D. “ Kind Fairy Queen, will it be right
 To ask in what you most delight ? ”

F. “ We, of all terrestrial things,
 Most enjoy what the fairy sings,

And their loving, gentle smile,
 Which our days and years beguile.
 But we delight in other things :—
 Gladly we spread our long tried wings,
 And then fly up to some great cloud,
 Which doth the lofty mountain shroud,
 And ride upon its pinions high,
 Gazing on the deep blue sky ;
 Or to chase some rapid ship
 Which we see o'er ocean trip ;
 Or watch the very sportive fish
 As they through the water rush.

“ We delight to help good men,
 And to do it yet again ;
 To shield the weak, to guide the young,
 And to make the wavering strong.

“ To frustrate evil is our joy,
 Although we wish not to annoy ;
 Children to us are very dear,
 Them we try to shield from fear,
 And gaze upon their childish play
 From year to year, from day to day.

“ We love to roam earth, sea, and air,
 Then with delight to caves repair,
 And spend the night in such repose
 As no erring mortal knows,

Blest with dreams so sweet and pure,
 Of which all fairies may be sure ;
 And if we wake during the night,
 To feel that all is safe and right,
 Then sweetly go to sleep again,
 Sheltered from storm and cold and rain.

“ We love to rise in early morn,
 And our persons to adorn,
 To wash us at some bubbling spring,
 Then round it the Great Giver sing.

“ With joy we see darkness disturbed
 By the old sun—so truly orbéd,—
 To see his fingers stretched so far
 On light’s opponent making war ;
 The morning smile from faintest glow,
 To see it bright and brighter grow ;
 The eastern gates, opening by degrees,
 Is a sight fairies to please.
 To see the upper border of the sun
 Another mighty day’s work done,
 Emerging from the gulf behind the hill,
 With rapture fairy minds doth fill ;
 To watch him climb the matchless steep,
 Where stars eternal vigils keep,
 Then deck in gold some western cloud,
 Which doth some patch of ocean shroud,—

Changes like these must catch each fairy's eye,
Whether transpiring far away or nigh.

"We gaze upon the flying worlds of gold,
Which have so long Jehovah told,
With feelings deeper than you mortals have,
But not like His who came the world to save.

"We have heard your preachers grand
Quote the poets of each land,
But nothing have we heard so good
As the heavens declare the glory of our God."

D. "Think me not presumptuous, Fairy Queen,
When I ask what of the world have fairies
seen?"

F. "Before the deluge came we saw its form,
And how the waters did its face deform;
But we saw it quickly decked again,
From shore to shore, from main to main.
Four thousand times have fairies seen
The earth re-clad with verdant green,
And stripped again before our sight,
And in these scenes we take delight.

"We know earth's islands, oceans, seas,
Almost each sound which floats upon the
breeze;

Its plants, its flowers, its tenants all,
 We scrutinise this earthly ball ;
 Each mound and mountain have we scaled,
 Even those where snow eternal has prevailed;
 We know its groves and each sequestered
 spot,
 No lesson have we e'er forgot ;
 We nectar of delight from every flower extract,
 And try to realise each fact,"

D. " Kind Fairy Queen, the month of May is near,
 When before your throne your fairies all
 appear,
 And you have told me I may see
 That matchless sight. Pray tell to me
 The order of the day,
 That I may meet you on the first of May."

F. " We on the hill, Brown Wardle, meet—
 Flat is its summit—there our friends we
 greet ;
 Rarely do human footsteps thither tend,
 And those who would that day, fairies their
 course will send.
 We meet before the first grey streak of light
 Shall Blackstone Edge unfold to sight.
 I then shall for thy coming wait—
 Be punctual, the rapture of the day is great.

Now haste thee to thy mansion on the hill—
Be not excited—let thy heart be still.”

The month of May at last arrived ;
By eager hope of sleep deprived,
I rose, and with dispatch myself I dressed,
And to my journey soon myself addressed
I in the darkness went along,
Across the incline, o’er the mountain strong,
Until I found Brown Wardle Hill,
And for a moment brief, stood still.
One star alone peeped through the clouds,
Elsewhere the sky deep darkness shrouds ;
To me it was a solemn scene—
One hour alone, such wondrous things
between.

With cautious steps did I ascend,
Until my climb was at an end ;
I stood upon the mountain top,
Excited by the tyrant, Hope.
I but a little while had stood,
Ere quickly coursed my fevered blood ;
The star was gone, and all was dark—
I trembled—but a voice said, “ Hark ! ”
I near that voice before had been,
And knew it was the Fairy Queen.
Fear subsided when she said,
“ Here already ? banish dread ;

We shall have a glorious day—
 Here is a light : be glad and gay.
 For this great day I must prepare—
 Look at the centre of this summit, there.”
 She touched the summit with her wand,
 And made a theatre—a concave grand !
 A thousand feet across at most,
 But it would hold the fairy host,
 And screen them from obtrusive eyes,
 Which their conference might despise.

“ Once more ” she said, “ I must prepare ;
 Cast your eyes upon that circle there.”
 She stretched her wand just where she stood,
 And forty thousand seats were there, of oaken
 wood.

Again she said, “ I must prepare.”
 She touched the centre, and her throne was
 there.
 She said, “ Your seat is just before my throne,
 When you desire, make all your wishes
 known.”
 At once she to her throne arose,
 And took her seat in absolute repose.
 She whispered, “ Come ! ” and all her fairies
 came,
 Covered with smiles—the very same

Which I had seen beneath the hill,
When peace so deep each heart did fill.

She pointed to the seats next to the throne,
And said, "These seats belong to you alone;
The rest, as they arrive, must fill
The other seats around the hill."

With the next breath, she said, "They come
From Buxton Cave—their spacious home."

A thousand fairies now appeared;
She their wings on air had heard;
Them from other wings she knew,
As toward the hill they flew.
They took their seats, knowing the order of
the day,

And waved their wands in love so gay.
And again she said, "They come!"
So blithely, "This is our common home.
One day, at least, we altogether dwell,
Knowing and feeling all is well.
Here they are my subjects, dwelling Ilkley
near;
We are glad, my fairies, you are here."

Another band from Matlock came,
And their reception was the same;
Another, and another, found the hill,
Till, lo! the concave all they fill.

Around the broad flat mountain top
 Scouts were placed, intruding feet to stop,
 And they well knew how to keep away
 All who near the mount might stray.

Arrangements made ; all arose,
 Their queen to meet, and to disclose
 Their joy to see her once again—
 Their rapture they could not restrain ;
 And they were glad to see each other—
 They might have been the offspring of one
 mother.

One fairy, stretching forth the wand
 Which he held in his right hand,
 Said, "I know you all desire this first of May
 To hear whate'er your queen may say."
 They raised their wands into the air,
 And said, "O speak, thou queen so fair."

She rose upon her gorgeous throne,
 And said, "You fairies are my own ;
 I only wish to do your will—
 My duty as a queen fulfil ;
 But, ere I speak, oh ! look around,
 Have we not favour with Creation found ?
 It is in sympathy with us,
 Or it could not smile upon us thus.

- “ See yon azure glowing sky
 Every instant change its dye ;
 The sun is coming, us to bless,
 And our rectitude confess.”
- “ Behold that cloud, with gold transfused—
 Gold by man so much abused,
 But ever by the sun employed,
 Creatures to make of folly void :
 He gilds the cloud, the sea, the land,
 That our Creator we may understand,
 That, knowing him, we may adore,
 Ever, and for evermore.
- “ Look out on this bewildering scene,
 What mysteries this belt of hills between :
 I cannot tell where to commence—
 I am perplexed ; it is no pretence.
 Oh, for power all grandeur to pourtray,—
 Grandeur of night, grandeur of day,
 Grandeur of mountain, hill, and dale,
 Of objects great and objects small,
 On this splendid earthly ball ;
 Grandeur of sky, and sea, and land—
 How feeble is a fairy hand ;
 No pen, but one, this scene can write—
 ’Tis full of wisdom infinite.

“ Now, my fairies, let me say,
 How glad I am to meet you all to-day,
 To see your smiles, to hear your songs,
 Coming from these numerous throngs ;
 There is no face before my sight
 But what gives me great delight.

“ But you wonder why to-day
 A man should in our conclave stay ;
 He comes not here for any evil end,
 He is a long-tried fairy friend ;
 No man in us such interest has taken—
 Let not his presence doubt awaken.”

A leader of one fairy band
 Arose, and, lifting up his wand,
 Said, “ No, most gracious queen, we in you
 Whatever you do is wise and just.” [trust,

The forty leaders in succession rose,
 Each showed what trust in her all did
 repose.

Then the fairies rose and sung
 “ Welcome ! welcome ! us among ;
 Come to our meeting when you will,
 We this pledge of friendship will fulfil ;
 Welcome, brother ! welcome here,
 Dark deception never fear.”

I rose and bowed, and grateful said,
 "Your smiles prevent all fear and dread ;
 Very gracious are you all,—
 For language new my voice doth call,
 To utter what I think and feel,
 But grateful love, no words can tell ;
 I hope to show you by my deeds
 Whence this strain of praise proceeds."

All raised their wands before my view—
 A token of their friendship true.
 I then addressed the Fairy Queen,
 And said, "Your well used power I have
 seen,
 I know that you can make these fairies
 small
 Grow, in a moment, very tall.
 To see this beauty on a larger scale
 Would not make your friend to quail :
 Most obliging queen and fair,
 Make them tall—like brothers are."

At once she stretched her wondrous wand,
 It covered all the concave grand,
 Each fairy rose to seven feet —
 Oh, what a sight my eyes did greet :
 Beauty, dignity, and grace
 Appeared to illumine the spacious place.

“Fairy Queen,” I then exclaimed,
 “I fear that I am worthy to be blamed,
 For I delay your annual speech ;
 Further, now this audience teach.”

She resumed :—“ Our colony at Healey Dell
 I represent, and gladly tell
 All that amongst us has transpired,
 Since we met last year, as you desired.
 Our metropolis remains the same—
 Man has not disturbed that hill of fame,—
 War rages 'twixt this land and France,
 But no hostile feet into our cave advance,
 To seek for hidden soldiers there,
 Nor for the natives driven to despair.
 France is the seat of horrid war ;
 Jehovah doth this island spare.
 Healey Hall stands as it did—
 The poor are of their terror rid :
 The harvest of last year was good,
 And the people all have food,
 And with mankind we all rejoice,
 And for their good lift up our voice
 To the giver of all good,
 Of earth and heaven, the Lord and God.

“ My subjects all are loyal as they were,
 And still their loyalty declare,

So let us sing a fairy song,
 Me and my host of princes strong."
 Then they in words like these began :

" We are glad not to be man ;
 We fairies, now of Healey Dell,
 Of our happy life will tell :
 We rise at very early dawn,
 And act as we by love are drawn ;
 We from our cave most gladly roam,
 Finding every place our home ;
 We watch the gurgling waters roll
 On, on, toward the southern pole :
 We catch the early joyous song
 Of the smiling morn so young—
 Song of zephyrs in the trees,
 Or the voice of rustling breeze ;
 The music of the little rill,
 Which helps, with joy, the vale to fill,
 Or the dashing of the waterfall—
 There is speech to us in all.
 The cuckoo on the mountain top,
 To hear it all our footsteps stop ;
 The throstle on the topmost bough,
 Catches our glowing eye just now ;
 And the robin's feeble voice
 Makes every fairy to rejoice ;—
 But why do we rehearse our joys ?
 This you all know—fairies are wise ;

We enjoy what God hath made—
All Creation makes us glad.”

The leaders told their tales all round,
But to rehearse would you confound ;
Mid smiles, orations, songs, the day
Very quickly passed away.

Each band retired in evening shade,—
Obeisance to the queen all made.

She touched the hill with her strong wand,
And left it as we see it stand ;
Her band into the dell went back,
Leaving no footprint in their track.

The dwarf was borne unto his home,
No more with fairy bands to roam.
Thus ends our foolish fairy tale ;
But we hope it will not fail
To check some poisonous stream of strife
Which virtue would deprive of life.
From these fairies may we learn
All good to seek—all ill to spurn.



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